

27
AZARIA
AND
HUSHAI,
A
POEM.

Quod cuique visum est sentiant.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Charles Lee,
AN. DOM. 1682.

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Quod cuique volum est sentiat.

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READER

I shall not go about, I rather to excuse, but justify the Publishing of this Poem: For that would be much more un-harden Task than the Writing of it. But however, I shall say, in the words of the Author of the incomparable Abolom and Achitophai: That it may be the Design of Honour, of Wit, and Skill be the Consequence of Whig and Tary, no doubt, but Know and As may be Epitaphs plentifully bestowed upon me by the good people, which the Author may grant me more far from this, than perhaps I do deserve. But as every sensible Judge of this, so I think, much more of honesty, since Interest and Faction on either side, prejudices and clouds the Judgment, and the violence of Passion makes neither discernible in an Adversary, I know not whether my Poem has a Genius to force its way against prejudice, Opinion, or not, much in the World, and be that has once gained it writes securely. I speak not this anyway to lessen the merits of an Author, whose Wit has deservedly gained the Bay, but in this I have the advantage, since, as I desire not Glory, nor vain applause, I can securely wrap my self in my own Cloud, and remain unknown, whilst he is exposed through his great Lustre. I shall never envy what I desire not, nor am I altogether fond of it, as to be the Issues of my own Brain, and exceed all others, and is he so very fond of them, as most Authors, especially Poets, are, as to think them without fault, or be so blinded as not to see their blemishes, and that they are excelled by others, yet since Poets are like Children, it may be allowed me to be naturally inclined to have some good Opinion of my own, and not to believe this Poem altogether despicable or ridiculous. The Ancients say, that every thing hath two handles, I have laid hold of that opposite to the Author of Abolom: As to Truth, who has the better hold, let the World judge: and it is no new thing, for the same Persons, to be ill or well represented.

To the Reader.

presented, by several parties. I hope then, I may be excused as well as a Poet, since I have told my Dreams with the same Liberty; for the fancies of Poets are no more than waking Dreams, and never imposed as dogmatical precepts, which are more agreeable to truth or falsehood, or according to the Poets Language, which proceed from the Horns or Ivory Port, will be sententiaed according to the Humour and Interest of several Parties who on spite of Mr. Terrib will be our judges. Where I have been so liberal, I have not without Malice in Revenge I think though I have not used my Tutor's stile, I could have said much worse, of some Enemies to our Jewells House. He that will fast others, ought not to be angry if he is be abused in himself. ALEXANDER is a gentle and natural Love, and will not rather unreasonably resist, than be willing to do with him, he was a Rebel to his Father, and Azaria a good Son, instructed by a worthy and Royal Counsellor, and Achitophel and Hushai were men of contrary Opinions, and different Principles. And if Poets (as it is often brought for their excuse, when they vary from known History) ought to represent Persons as they ought to be, I have not transgressed the Precepts of Poetry, and Absalom is not so good a Person because his Character is not so agreeable to the temper of an Hero, as this of Azaria is. But certainly when Poetry and Truth are joyned together, and that the Persons are truly what they are represented, and live in their Character, the glory is double, both to the Hero and the Poet. And I could wish that the same Hand, which drew the Rebel Absalom, with so much Majesty and Skill, would outdo mine, in drawing the traitor of an obedient Son and Royal Counsellor, since he may have as much Truth for a Foundation to build upon, the Artful Structure of the Hero's Glory, which his own Fame will improve, and which of course will be so striking Objection.

A Z A R I A AND H U S H A I,

A P O E M

IN Impious Times, when Priest-craft was at height,
And all the Deadly Sins esteemed light;
When that Religion only was a Stale,
And some bow'd down to God, and some to *Baal*;
When Perjury was scarce esteem'd a Sin,
And Vice, like flowing Tides, came rowling in;
When Luxury, Debauch, and Concubine,
The sad Effects of Women and of Wine,
Rag'd in *Judea* and *Jerusalem*,
Good *Amazias* of great *David's* Stem,
God-like and great in Peace did rule that Land,
And all the *Jews* stoop'd to his just Command.
Long now in *Sion* had he Peace enjoy'd,
After that Civil Broils the Land destroy'd:
Plenty and Peace attended on his Reign,
And *Solomon's* Golden days return'd again;
When the Old *Canaanites*, who there did lurk,
Began to find both God and King new Work:
For *Amazias*, tho' he God did love,
Had not cast out *Baal's* Priests, and cut down every Grove.
Too oft Religion's made pretence for Sin,
About it in all Ages Strife has been;

But Int'rest, which at bottom doth remain,
 Which still converts all Godliness to Gain,
 What e'er Pretence is made, is the true Cause,
 That moves the Priest, and like the Load-stone draws
 The *Canaanites* of Old that Land possess'd,
 And long therein Idolatry profess'd;
 Till Sins of Priests, and of the Common Rout,
 Caus'd God, and his good Kings to cast them out.
 Their Idols were pull'd down, their Groves destroy'd;
 Strict Laws against them, and their Worship made.
 The Heathen Priests were banish'd from the Land
 Of *Baal*, no Temple suffer'd was to stand;
 And all Succeeding Kings made it their Care,
 They should no more rear up their Altars there.
 If some mild Kings did wink at their Abode,
 They to the *Jews* still prov'd a Pricking-goad:
 Growing more bold, they penal Laws defy'd,
 And like tormenting Thorns, stuck in their Side.
 The busy Priests had lost their gainful Trade,
 Revenge and Malice do their Hearts invade;
 And since by Force they can't themselves restore,
 Nor gain the Sway they in *Judea* bore,
 With Hell they Joyn their secret Plots to bring
 Destruction to *Judea* and its King.

The *Chemnarims*, the learnedst Priests, of all
 The numerous Swarms which did belong to *Baal*;
 Bred up in subtil Arts, to *Jews* well known,
 And fear'd for Bloody Morals of their own;
 Who in the Cause of *Baal* no one would spare,
 But for his sake on all Mankind make War,
 Counting it lawful Sacred Kings to smite,
 Who favor'd not their God, or was no *Baalite*,
 These were the Idol's known, and great Support,
 Who in Disguise creep into every Court,
 Where they soon Faction raise, and by their Arts,
 Insinuate into the Princes Hearts:
 Wriggle themselves into Intreaques of State,
 Sweet Peace destroy, and Bloody Wars create.

Unwearied

Unwearied still, they deep Designs pursue:
 What can't a *Chemarim*, and *Belzebub* do?
 For cunning Plot, Trepan, for Oaths and Sham,
 The Devil must give place to *Chemarim*.
 These subtil Priests, in Habit black and grave;
 Each man a Saint in shew, in Heart a Knave,
 Did in *Judea* swarm, grew great withall,
 And like th' *Egyptian Frogs* to Court they crawl:
 Where, like them too, they never are at rest;
 But Bed and Board of Kings, with Filth infect.
 To every Shape they could themselves transform,
 Angels could seem, but still their Aim was Harm.
 They all the Sects among the *Jews* could ape,
 And went about disguis'd in every Shape.
 One imitates the *Zealous Pharisee*,
 The *Essens* this, the damnee *Sadduce* he;
 And such their ready, and their subtil Wit,
 For every Trade, and every Science fit:
 They Credit got, and stole into the Heart,
 And from their God, did many Souls pervert,
 Who seeming *Jews*, or what they were before,
 In Secret did the Idol *Baal* adore;
 Whose false Religion was but loose, and few
 Could bear the Righteous Strictness of the true.

Thus these Disciples of the hellish Brood,
 Disguis'd, among the *Jews*, themselves intrude,
 And with the purer Wheat, their Tares they sow,
 Saw their bad Crop near to an Harvest grow,
 And hop'd that they again should rule the State:
 For e'er the days of good *Jehosaphat*,
 Through all the Land *Baal's* Worship was allow'd,
 And King and People to gross Idols bow'd.
 The Priests, like Bloody Tyrants did command;
 They and their Gods, did wholly rule the Land;
 And every one who would not bow to *Baal*,
 Fled thence, or else by Fire, or Sword did fall:
 But that good King a Reformation made,
 Their Idols, and their Groves he quite destroy'd;
 In every place their Altars overthrew,

And *Chemarims* he banished or slew.
 Since when (except in *Athaliah's* Reign,
 Who for a space, set Idols up again,
 Tormenting those to Death who would not turn,
 And did the *Jewish Rabbins* slay or burn)
 These crafty Priests, by Plots did never cease,
 To spoil the Beauty of *Judea's* Peace.
 Whilst *Joash* reign'd, by sly and subtil Arts,
 They first estrang'd from him his Peoples Hearts:
 Saw Faction's Sparks, and unseen blew the Fire,
 Till Rebels 'gainst that good King did conspire:
 Then Cursed *Zabed* of proud *Ammon's* Line,
 And *Moabitish Jehozabad* joyn,
 And to their Side some *Pharisees* they drew,
 (*Joash* did to their Sect no Favor shew)
 And th' *Essens*, who, then daily numerous grew,
 Rebell, and their good King, like Murtherers, slew.
 Then *Amazia* over *Jordan* fled,
 Till God had struck the Tyrant *Zabed* dead;
 When all his Subjects, who his Fate did moan,
 With joyful Hearts, restor'd him to his Throne;
 Who then his Father's Murtherers destroy'd,
 And a long, happy, peaceful Reign enjoy'd.
 Belov'd of all, for merciful was He,
 Like God, in the Superlative Degree.
 The *Jewish* Sects he did not seek to quell,
 Yet Laws he made they might no more rebell:
 Wisely about them made of Laws a Fence,
 Yet kind, would not oppress their Conscience.
 The *Pharisee*, a very numerous Sect,
 Above the rest were in their Worship strict:
 In their own *Synagogues* he let them pray,
 And worship God after their stricter way.
 In Peace all liv'd, and former strife forgot,
 The *Chemarims* and Hell had hatch'd a Plot:
 A Plot form'd in the deep Abyss below,
 Law and Religion both to overthrow.
 The King was by their Bloody Swords to fall,
 That all *Judea* might submit to *Baal*.

Great were their Hopes, and deep was their Design.
 The Train already laid to spring their Mine;
 Not dreaming Heav'n could their Plots betray,
 They only waited an auspicious day.
 Nor fail'd their Plot for want of Common Sense,
 As some endeavor'd to persuade the Prince:
 For with much Art, great Industry and Care,
 They all things for their black Design prepare.
 Not hatch'd by Common Brains, or men of Earth,
 Nor was't the Issue of a sudden Birth;
 But long designing, and well laid it seems,
 By *Baal's Arch-priests*, and subtil *Chemarims*.
 The *Canaanites* dispersed through the Land,
 O'er whom *Baal's Priests* had absolute Command,
 Were bound with Oaths, the Priests Religious Charms,
 To Secresie, and furnished with Arms.
 Heads they had got, as well as Hands to fight,
 Some zealous Princes of the *Canaanites*,
 Who ready were to guide the Common Rout,
 So soon as their Conspiracy broke out.
Egypt of Warlike *Jews* was still afraid,
 Lest as of Old, they should that Land invade,
 To further this Design had promis'd Aid. }
 Thus on a firm Foundation they had wrought
 Their great Design, well built to Humane thought:
 Tho' nothing that weak Mortals e'er design'd,
 But Folly seems to the Eternal Mind,
 Who blasting man's vain Projects, lets him know,
 He sits above, sees and rules all below.
 This wicked Plot, the Nations Bane and Curse,
 So bad no man can represent it worse:
 Want only *Amazias* to destroy,
 But that they might the Rites of *Baal* enjoy:
 For the good *Amazias* being gone,
 They had design'd a *Baalite* for the Throne.
 Of all their Hopes and Plots, here lay the Store:
 For what Encouragement could they have more,
 When they beheld the King's own Brother fall,
 From his Religion, and to worship *Baal* &

The Priest well knew what Power, and what Control
 He had usurp'd o're ev'ry *Baalite's* Soul;
 That such a Prince must their God's Cause pursue,
 And do whatever they would have him do;
 Else from his Throne he should be curs'd and damn'd;
 For *Baal's* High-Priest, a Right t' all Crowns had claim'd.
 An Article 'tis of a *Baalite's* Faith,
 That o're Crown'd Heads a Sovereignty he hath.

Thus on a sure Foundation, as they thought,
 They had their Structure to Perfection wrought
 When God, who shews regard to Sacred Kings,
 The Plot and Plotters to Confusion brings,
 And in a moment down their *Behel* flings.
 A *Levite*, who had *Baalite* turn'd, and him
 One of the Order of the *Chebarim*,
 Who in the Plot had deeply been concern'd,
 And all their horrid Practices had learn'd;
 Smote in his Conscience with a true Remorse,
 From King and Land diverts the threatening-Curse.
Libni, I think they call'd the *Levite's* Name,
 Which in *Judea* still will be of Fame;
 Since following Heaven's Impulse and high Command,
 He prov'd a Glorious Saviour of the Land.
 By him the deep Conspiracy's o'rethrown,
 The Treason, and the Traytors all made known:
 For which from *Baalites* he had Curses store;
 But by the *Jews* loaded with Blessings more.
 The Hellish Plotters were then seiz'd upon,
 And into Goals and Iron Fetters thrown;
 From whence to Lawful Tryals they were born,
 Condemn'd for Traytors, and hang'd up with Scorn:
 Yet *Chebarims* with matchless Impudence,
 With dying Breath avow'd their Innocence:
 So careful of their Order they still were,
 Left Treason in them Scandal should appear,
 That Treason they with Perjury pursue,
 Having their Arch-priest's Licence so to do.
 They fear'd not to go perjur'd to the Grave,
 Believing their Arch-priest their Souls could save:

For

For all God's Power they do on him bestow,
 And call him their Almighty God below.
 To whom they say three powerful Keys are given,
 Of Hell, of Purgatory, and of Heav'n.
 No wonder then if *Baalites* this believe,
 They should, with their false Oaths try to deceive,
 And gull the People with their Dying Breath,
 Denying all their Treason at their Death.
 This made Impression on some easie Minds,
 Whom *or* good Nature, *or* false Pity blinds;
 Mov'd their Compassion, and stirr'd up their Grief,
 And of their dying Oaths caus'd a Belief.
 This did effect what the curs'd Traytors sought,
 The Plots Belief into Discredit brought,
 Of it at first, some Doubts they only rais'd,
 And with their Impudence the World amaz'd:
 Tho' *Azazad's* Murder did the *Jews* convince,
 Who was a man most Loyal to his Prince,
 And by the Bloody *Chemarims* did fall,
 Because he seiz'd the Trayt'rous Priests of *Baal*:
 Tho' *Gedaliab's* Letters made all plain,
 Who was their Scribe, and of a ready Brain:
 A *Levite's* Son, but turn'd a *Baalite*,
 Who for the King's own Brother then did write,
 And Correspondence kept i'th *Egyptian* Court,
 To whom the Traytors for Advice resort;
 Who like a zealous, trayt'rous *Baalite* dy'd,
 And at the Fatal Tree the Plot deny'd.
 Tho' *Amazia* did at first believe,
 And to the Hellish Plot did Credit give;
 Tho' the Great Council of the *Sanhedrim*,
 Among the *Jews* always of great Esteem,
 Declar'd to all the World this Plot to be,
 An Hellish, and a curs'd Conspiracy,
 To kill the King, Religion to o'rethrow,
 And cause the *Jews* their Righteous Laws foregoe;
 To make the People to dumb Idols fall,
 And in the place of God, to set up *Baal*:
 Tho' all the People saw it, and believ'd;
 Tho' Courts of Justice, hard to be deceiv'd,

Had added to the rest their Evidence,
Yet with a strange unheard of Impudence,
The *Baalites* all so stoutly had deny'd
Their Hellish Plot, with Vows and Oaths beside
And with such Diligence themselves apply'd
They at the last, their sought for point had got,
And artfully in doubt had brought their Plot.
A thousand cunning Shams and Tricks they us'd,
Whereby the simple Vulgar were abus'd,
And some o'th' *Edomitish* Evidence,
Who *Mammon* worship'd, were brought off with pence.
Libni, for whom, before their Harps they strung,
Who was the Subject of each *Hebrew's* Song,
Was villify'd by every Rascal's Tongue.
In Secret, and inglorious did remain,
And the Plot thought the Project of his Brain.

The *Baalites* thus encourag'd by Success,
Increase their Hopes, and their black Projects black:
Like the bold *Titans*, Plot on Plot they lay,
And Heav'n it self with impious Arms essay.
A new Invention wrought in Hell below,
The *Jews*, and their Religion to o'errhrow;
They bring to light, with this their Hopes they raise,
And for dire Plots, think they deserve the Bays.
This Engine stronger than th' old *Roman* Ram,
For Battery, by a new name call'd Sham,
With well learn'd, and successful Arts they use
To overthrow the *Synagogues* of the *Jews*,
Their Worship and Religion to confound,
And lay their Glorious Temple on the Ground.
With this new Engine, they a Breach had made,
By which they hop'd the Loyal *Jews* to invade.
With Troops of Treasons, and Rebellious Plots,
Led on by Villains, perjur'd Rogues and Sots;
And with such Arms in Hells black Work-house form'd,
The peaceful *Jews* they violently storm'd;
Who 'gainst the *Ba'lites* Plots had no defence,
But God, their Laws, and their own Innocence.

Among

Among the Princes of the *Jewish Race*,
 For Wisdom, *Hushai* had the Chiefest Place,
 Prudent in Speech, and in his Actions close,
 Admir'd by all, and feared by his Foes;
 Well skill'd, and knowing in the *Jewish Laws*,
 Able to plead, and to defend a Cause,
 Of piercing Judgment, and of pregnant Wit,
 Did once Chief Judge of all *Judea* sit;
 Was then esteem'd the Honor of the Gown,
 And with his Vertues sought to serve the Crown,
 Till Foes procur'd him *Amazias*'s Frown.
 Then he descended from the height of Place,
 Without a Blemish, and without Disgrace;
 Yet inly griev'd; for he could well divine
 The Issue of the *Baalites* curs'd Design,
 To see Religion, and God's Righteous Cause,
 The Ancient Government, the Nation's Laws,
 Unpropping, and all ready strait to fall
 And the whole Race of *Jews* made Slaves to *Baal*;
 With Zeal inspired, boldly up he rose,
 To wrestle with the King's, and Nation's Foes;
 And tho' he was with Wealth and Honor blest,
 He scorn'd to give his Age its needful Rest:
 He learn'd, that man was not born for himself,
 To get great Titles, Names, or sordid Pelf,
 To wear a lazy Life, himself to please,
 With Idleness, and with luxurious Ease;
 When he beheld his Country in distress,
 And none the Danger able to redress,
 He did resolve, tho' not affecting Fame,
 Or to obtain a Patriot's Glorious Name,
 His Rest, his Life, his Fortune to expose,
 Rather than see his Countrey's dangerous Foes
 Run on uncheck'd, till they had brought the Land,
 To their, and to a *Baalite* King's Command.
 He could not therefore so himself forget,
 To see the Barques of Government oerset;
 But with his Skill he help'd the Boat to trim,
 And boldly did oppose *Eliakim*.

Eliakim was Brother to the King,
 From the same Loins, and Royal Seed did spring;
 Of Courage bold, and of a daring mind,
 To whom the King, ev'n to Excess was kind;
 And tho' he had a Son, for him the Crown design'd,
 Sweet *Azaria*, like the beauteous Morn,
 Whence all Sweets flow, did once that Court adorn,
 A budding Rose, whose Beauty's newly blown,
 Or like a Cedar on Mount *Lebanon*:
 He in his Father's Grace, and Favor grew,
 And towards him the People's Eyes he drew.
 He was by most belov'd, admir'd by all,
 For's Zeal to God, and's Hatred unto *Babel*:
 But ah! this mov'd the curst *Babylon's* Hate,
 Disturb'd his Peace, and Troubles did create.
 What can't Design and Hellish Malice do?
 With Lyes they close this Noble Prince's pursue,
 They think his Father too indulgent grown,
 Whose Love had many Blessings on him thrown,
 But what exceeded all the rest beside,
 He chose the sweet *Jerusalem* for his Bride:
 A Blessing he esteemed far above
 The Crown, and all things but his Father's Love:
 For that he still above his Life did prize,
 Dear as his Fame, and dearer than his Eyes,
 Below his Feet, for that he all things trod,
 Adoreing nothing more except his God.
 Young as he was, he had acquitted Fame,
 His Breast infired with a Warlike Flame,
 In Foreign Wars, his Courage he had shown,
 Had Laurels won, and brought home fair Renown:
 Happy, most happy, till with wondrous Art,
 His Foes had wrought him from his Father's Heart,
 And so much Power on *Babel's* won,
 He by Degrees, grew jealous of his Son,
 And who for this can *Azaria* blame,
 If that the King the Father overcame?
 For Crowns by Kings esteemed are more dear,
 Than Children, or than Sons, below a more dear.

His Foes, *Bathsabai*, had laid their artful Snare,
 Hight'ned his Father's Jealousy and Fears,
 And made each innocent Action of the Prince,
 To give his Jealous Father an Offence;
 If with wife *Husbai* they the Prince did see,
 They call'd their Meeting a Conspiracy,
 And cry, that he was going to rebell:
 Him *Absalom* they name, *Husbai* *Achitophel*,
 With Slander thus the Prince they did pursue,
 Aiming at's Life, and the wife *Husbai's* too.
 When they much pleased, and triumphing saw,
 The King his Royal Favors to withdraw,
 Which like a Spring on him before did flow,
 And from him, all on others to bestow:
 Defenceless left, naked, almost forlorn,
 Subject to every trifling Rhimers Scorn,
 And beyond *Jordan* by their malice drove,
 No Succor left him but the People's Love
 (For he was still their Darling and Delight,
 Because they saw he was no *Bastard*.)
 Their Hopes now almost at their Height did seem,
 To place the Crown upon *Eliahim*.

The *Jews*, God's People and peculiar Care,
 For their true Worship still most zealous were;
 That Jewel seem'd most precious in their Eyes,
 And it above all Human things they prize.
 No Torments could make them their Faith deny,
 They willingly for their Religion die,
 Their Liberties were also dear to them,
 Sprung from a free, and not a slavish Stem,
 Th' *Egyptian* Bondage for their Souls unfit,
 They never in *Judea* would permit
 Their own known Laws, they willingly obey,
 Hate Tyranny and Arbitrary Sway,
 Nor did they many Privileges want,
 Kept from the Time they first the Land did plant;
 For which to Death they lawfully would strive,
 If injur'd by their Kings' Privileges.

For some of them have try'd to break the Bound,
 And did like *Esau's* Kings, their People's Freedom wound,
 So *Rehoboam* caus'd them to rebell,
 And lost at once ten Tribes of *Israel*.
 No people were more ready to obey
 Their Kings, who rul'd them by a gentle Sway,
 Who never sought their Consciences to curb,
 Their Freedom or Religion to disturb.
 To such they always open-hearted were,
 For them, they neither Coin, nor Blood would spare.
 Such Kings might their Prerogatives improve,
 And rule the *Jews*, even as they pleas'd with Love;
 But stiff indeed they were, and moody grew,
 When Tyrants did with cruel Stripes pursue.
 Them sore oppress'd, and sometimes murmur'd too,
 Kings they had try'd of every sort and size.
 Best govern'd by the Warlike and the wise.
 Tho' Kings they lov'd, and for them Reverence had,
 They never would adore them as a God.
 God's Worship, and their Laws they did prefer,
 They knew, their men might by bad Councils Err;
 Tho' Loyal, yet oppress'd, they did not fear
 To make their heavy Grievances appear.
 This was indeed the Humor of the *Jew*,
 The People by Complaints their Grievs would shew;
 And never would, in truth, contented seem,
 Untill redress'd by their wise *Sambadum*.
 Thus now the *Jew*, tho' free from ill Design,
 In their Religious Cause together joyn.
 They cast their Eyes on *Amasis's* Son,
 Who, without Arts the People's Love had won:
 Full of tormenting Jealousies and Fears,
Eliakim a dangerous man appears.
 The sober part of the whole *Sambadum*,
 Desire to keep *Judea's* Crown from him.
 For they foresaw if he should wear the Crown,
Baal's Worship he'd set up, and God's cast down:
 That all the Nations must be Slaves to *Baal*,
 Suffer in Flames, fly, or foretell all.

Great were their Fears, but yet they did abhor
 The very Thought of a dishonest War :
 For they had seen the Kingdom's many Scars,
 Th' unseemly Marks of former Civil Wars.
 They *Amaziah* lov'd and wish'd him well,
 Resolve to suffer rather than rebell;
 Yet openly declare free from all Stain,
 How much they hate a *Baalite* should Reign;
 And for this Cause, and for this Cause alone,
Eliakim they'd put by from the Throne.

Eliakim at Court had many Friends,
 By whom in Secret he could work his Ends;
 So that no Accusation could remove
 Him, deeply rooted in his Brother's Love.
 But since the *Jews* to him shew'd open Hate,
 Lest that his presence should embroil the State;
 And that the *Jews* might have no cause to sin,
 He's sent to rule the Tribe of *Benjamin*.
 Thus two great Factions in *Judea* rose,
 So hotly each the other did oppose,
 'Twas fear'd they'd fall at last from Words to Blows.
 Each side most zealous for the King appears,
 Each full of Jealousies and disturbing Fears,
 Each pleads for *Amaziah* and the Laws,
 God and Religion both do make their Cause;
 Both Loyalty profess, both opposite;
 Both would persuade that each was in the right,
 Tho' both contrary shew as day and night.
 Sweet *Azariah* with these Troubles mov'd,
 On that side hated, and by this belov'd;
 Fearing th' inveterate Malice of his Foes,
 Which he sought to avoid, not to oppose,
 And lest they should their sought Occasion find,
 To tax him of an ill ambitious mind,
 By seeing all the *Jews* to him so kind;
 Lest he should grow i'th King's Opinion worse,
 He seeks for Council how to steer his Course,
 That he might to the Court give no Offence,
 But live wrapt up in his own fair Innocence,

The wise and thoughtful *Heaven* he doth find,
 And thus to him he breaks his troubled Mind,
 Great Councillor, and Favorite of Heav'n,
 To whom the Blessing of true Wisdom's giv'n,
 Which by no Mortal can possess'd be,
 Whose Thoughts are not inform'd by Loyalty.
 I know Reproaches upon you are thrown;
 But judge your Innocency by my own.
 I am accus'd Sir, as well as you;
 And the same Foe doth both our Lives pursue.
 He fears your Wisdom, may his Hndrance prove,
 And me, because I have the People's Love:
 His Creatures therefore throw on you and me,
 The Scandal of a curs'd Conspiracy,
 Against our King and Father to rebell:
 Me *Absalom*, and you *Achitophel*
 They name; bad Councillor, and worse Son,
 Who Traytors, durst into Rebellion run.
 My Father governs with so equal Sway,
 That all both love him, and his Laws obey:
 He seems Heav'n's Care, who set him in the Throne,
 Preserved by his wondrous Power alone.
 Oh may on him no Blemish fall or stain,
 But all live happy in his peaceful Reign:
 May he be happy still as he is good,
 Like God in Mercy, not inclin'd to Blood.
 This is the Prayer that I daily make;
 For Piety shall never me forsake,
 Tho' I his Royal Favor ne'er partake.
 And tho' my Foes have with their subtil Art
 Banish'd me from my Royal Father's Heart,
 Which is the Source of all my Grief and Woe,
 My just Obedience I will ne'er forgoe:
 Nor has Disgrace, nor my hot Passions wrought,
 Within my Breast one bad disloyal Thought.
 I ne'er believ'd my Father would betray
 His People, or sought Arbitrary Sway:
 Or tho' his People did his Wrath provoke,
 We meant to curb them with an Iron Yoke

Yet do I think, nay more than think, the Cause
 (But here his passion made some little pause,
 Till sighing, at the last he thus went on)
 Why my Great Father does disown his Son;
 They say 'I am but of a spurious Brood,
 My Mother being of Ignoble Blood:
 For *Jociah* was but mean by Birth,
 Tho' with the King she mix'd her baser Earth.
 I was begotten in my Father's Flight,
 E'er to the Crown he had obtain'd his Right:
 And since I from his Favor did decline,
 He has declar'd her but his Concubine.
 This has the Hopes rais'd of *Eliakim*,
 And *Amaziah's* Crown design'd for him;
 My Hopes are lost, and I do think it fit,
 I should to God, Right, and the King submit;
 But yet, wise *Hushai* know, I still do find,
 My Birth has not so much debas'd my mind,
 To make me stoop to low or mean desires;
 I feel my Father's Royal Blood inspires
 My depress'd Soul, wipes off th' ignoble Stain,
 Renders me apt, or not unfit to reign.
 Of *David's* Royal Blood, my self I own,
 And with it never can disgrace the Throne.
 Tho' my bold Spirits, mounting thus, do fly
 Towards the Noble height of Sovereignty,
 And that I feel my Father's Blood to rowl
 Through every Vein and animate my Soul;
 Yet so much Loyalty is sown within
 My Breast, I would not Empire gain with Sin:
 For when my ambitious Thoughts begin to room,
 Their Forces, I wish that soon overcome.
 Tho' to God's Laws, and to the King's I yield,
 To my known Foes I would not leave the Field.
 I'd not be traml'd on by sordid Feet;
 Nor take Affronts from ev'ry one I meet:
 I'd give no Cause they should my Courage doubt;
 Nor to Rebellion push the vulgar Rout,
 I to my Father would give no Offence,
 Nor while he lives, lay to the Crown Pretence.

But since Life's sweet, by Wisdom I'd keep mine,
 From *Baalites* Hate, and *Eliakim's* Design:
 This my wise Friend, is my chief Business now,
 To take some Sage and good Advice from you.

Hushai in Silence heard the Prince, and weigh'd
 Each word he spake, then to him thus reply'd;
 Great Prince, th' Almighty has to you been kind,
 Stamp'd Graces on your Body and your mind,
 As if he for your Head a Crown design'd.
 We shall not search into Fates Secret Womb,
 God alone knows the things that are to come;
 But should you never sit on *David's* Throne,
 'Tis better to deserve than wear a Crown
 Of Royal Blood, and of great Birth you are,
 Born under some benign auspicious Star,
 Lov'd by the best, and prais'd by every Tongue,
 The glorious Subject of each worthy Song:
 The young man's Wish, Joy of each Warlike Wight,
 The People's Darling, and the World's Delight.
 A Crowd of Vertues fill your Princely Breast,
 And what appears more glorious than the rest,
 You are of Truth and Loyalty possest.

That I would cherish in you, that would raise
 To an admired height, that I would chiefly praise.
 Let Fools and subtil Politicians scorn
 Fair Vertue, which doth best a Prince adorn:
 Whilst you her bright and shining Robes put on,
 You will appear more great than *Solomon*.
 Let not Great Prince, the Fumes of Vulgar Praise,
 Your bolder Spirits to Ambition raise.
 We cannot see into the Mist of Fate,
 Till time brings forth, you must expecting wait;
 But Fortune, rather Providence, not Chance,
 The constant, stout, and wise doth still advance.
 Let your quick Eye be to her Motions ty'd,
 But still let Noble Vertue be your Guide:
 For when that God and Vertue points the way,
 There can be then no danger to obey.
 But here in Wisdom's School we ought to learn,
 How we 'twixt Good and Evil may discern,

For,

For, noble Prince, you must true difference make,
 Lest for the one the other you mistake.
 You must not think you may your self advance,
 By laying hold on every proffer'd chance.
 Tho Fortune seems to smile, and egg you on,
 Let Vertue be your Rule and Guide alone.
 Thus *David* for his Guide his Vertue took;
 Nor was by Fortune's proffer'd Kindness shook.
 His Vertue and his Loyalty did save
 King *Saul*, when Fortune brought him to his Cave.
 And if that I may to you Counsel give,
 You should without a Crown for ever live,
 Rather than get it by the Peoples Lust,
 Or purchase it by ways that are unjust.
David your Ancestor, from whom you spring,
 Would never by Rebellion be made King;
 But long in *Gath* a Warring Exile stay'd,
 Till for him God a lawful way had made.
 In *Hebron*, full of Glory and Renown,
 He gain'd, at last, and not usurpt the Crown.
 By full Consent he did the same obtain,
 And Heav'n's anointing Oyl was not in vain.
 I once did seem to *Amazias* dear,
 Who me above m'ambitious hopes did rear;
 I serv'd him then according to my skill,
 And bow'd my Mind unto my Sovereign's Will.
 Too neer the Sovereign Image then I stood,
 To think that every Line and Stroke was good.
 Some Daubers I endeavour'd to remove,
 And to amend their artless Errours strove.
 My Skill in secret these with slander wound;
 With every Line I drew still faults were found;
 Till wearied, I at last my Work gave o're.
 And *Amazia* (I shall say no more)
 Did me to my lov'd Privacy restore.
 For this they think I must my Vertue change,
 For Envy, Malice, and for sweet Revenge.
 Me by themselves they judge, who would do so,
 And cause the King suspect me for his Foe.

But by th' advice I give, you best will find
 Th' Integrity and Plainness of my Mind;
 And that I harbour not that vile intent
 Their Poets and their Malice do invent.
 Far be't from me, to be like Cursed *Cham*;
 A good Son strives to hide his Father's shame.
 A King, the Father of his Country is;
 His shame is every Act he doth amiss.
 Good and just Kings God's Image bear; but when
 Their Frailties let us see they are but Men,
 We cannot every Action so applaud,
 As if it came from an unerring God.
 Kings have their Passions, and deceiv'd may be,
 When b'others Ears and Eyes they hear and see:
 For Syeophants, of Courts the Bane and Curse,
 Make all things better than they are, or worse.
 To Evil prone, to Mischief ever bent,
 Th'all Objects with false colours represent;
 The Guilty clear, condemn the Innocent.
 Thus, noble Prince, they you and me accuse
 With all the Venome Malice can infuse.
Baal's Priests, Hell, and our Foes, new Arts have got,
 The filthy Reliques of their former Plot;
 Whereby they would our Lives in danger bring,
 And make us cursed Traytors to the King.
 What mayn't these cunning men hope to atchieve,
 When by their Arts few men their Plot believe?
 When b'horrid ways, not known to *Jews* before,
 Their Plot's transform'd, and laid now at our door?
 But fear not, Sir, we have a sure Defence,
 The Peoples Love, God, Law, and Innocence.
 Keep fast your Vertue, and you shall be blest,
 And let alone to God and Time the rest.

The Noble Youth, with Vertues Robes arraid,
 Consider'd well what the wise *Hushai* said.
 Desire of Power, though of Celestial Birth,
 Below, is ever intermixt with Earth:
 And all who do to hight of Place aspire,
 Have earthly Smoak mixt with their mounting Fire,

Praise may debauch, and strong Ambition blind,
 Where heav'nly Vertue does not guard the Mind.
 But *Azaria* so well understood,
 He left the Evil, and embrac'd the Good :
 Tho in his breast aspiring thoughts he found,
 Yet Loyalty still kept them within bound.
 And tho he might have Empire in his Eye,
 When to it by his blood allay'd so nigh,
 Yet in his Soul such Virtue did remain,
 He by Rebellion would not Empire gain.
 Through every Vein his Loyal Blood did run,
 Yet Royal too, as *Amazias*'s Son.
 About his noble Heart he felt it spring ;
 Which let him know his Father was a King.
 If that to *Azaria* were a Blot,
 His Father made it when he him begot :
 But Heav'n such Virtue moulded with his Soul,
 That his aspiring Lust it did controul.
 Thus to wife *Husbai* he repli'd : I finde
 Your Counsel is agreeing with my Minde.
 And tho my Foes me an ill man do make,
 My Loyalty I never will forsake :
 Yet, prudent *Husbai*, do not Nature blame,
 If I cannot, unmov'd, appear so tame
 As not to shew Resentment at my Shame. }
 Oh, would't to Heav'n I ne'er had been begot !
 Or never had been born a Royal Blot !
 My Father's Blood runs thorow every Vein ;
 He form'd those Spirits which desire to reign, }
 Mount t'wards a Throne, and fordid Earth disdain. }
 In Glory, Fame, Crowns, Empire, they delight,
 And to all these they would assert my Right.
 And my great Thoughts do whisper there is none
 Can be more neer a Father, than his Son.
 This prompts me to oppose *Eliakim*,
 And never yield my Father's Crown to him.
 But then one groveling thought strait pulls me down,
 And throws me at a distance from the Crown.
 Oh, would to God-----And here he stopt and sigh'd,
 Whilst *Husbai* thus to the griev'd Prince repli'd.

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 This prompts me to oppose *Eliakim*,
 And never yield my Father's Crown to him.
 But then one groveling thought strait pulls me down,
 And throws me at a distance from the Crown.
 Oh, would to God-----And here he stop'd and sigh'd,
 Whilst *Husbai* thus to the griev'd Prince repli'd.

Indeed, great Prince, it seemeth wondrous strange
 To all the World, to see your Father's change;
 To find the happy Love he us'd to show,
 Like fruitful Rain, on you, to fall no more;
 To see a Son, the Father's dear Delight,
 His pleasing Joy, now banish'd from his sight.
 Nature must in the Father deeply groan,
 When from his Heart is reft so dear a Son.
 Nor can I think, tho' he from you should part,
 A Brother e'er can lie so near his Heart.
 To work this Change, your Foes much Art do use,
 Their venom'd Tongues your Fathers Ears abuse,
 And you of an aspiring mind accuse.
 Justice in *Amazie* bears such sway,
 That even Nature must to it give way;
 Had rather Nature force, and part with you,
 Than seem to rob another of his due.
 He holds it just, and as a thing divine,
 To keep unbroken still the Royal Line.
 Such an Example we can hardly find,
 A King to's Brother so exceeding kind;
 When by it he doth such great hazard run,
 Losing at once his People and his Son.
 Grieve not, great Prince, at your unhappy Fate;
 Let not your Birth your Vertue to abate.
 It was not you that could your self create,
 I should great folly shew, should I repine,
 At what I could not help, and was no fault of mine.
 Tho' by your Mothers side your Birth was mean,
 And tho' your Mother no declared Queen,
 If Heaven and your Father please, you may
 By lawful Right, *Judea's* Scepter sway;
 After that he is number'd with the Dead,
 And his great Soul to *Abram's* Bosom fled:
 Possession of a Crown clears every Stain,
 No blot of Birth to you can then remain.
 What Pow'r on Earth, by Right, dares question you?
 Or what your Father and *Sambdrim* do?
 Nor is your Birth to Heaven any let;
 God *Jephthah* once did o're *Judea* set.

He was a Conquerour of a mighty Name,
 And's Mother no ways did eclipse his Fame,
 Nor bar'd him from the Title of a King,
 Nor those who after from his Loins did spring,
 Nature may yet make your great Father kind;
 And who can tell but he may change his mind,
 When your Succession shall be understood
 To be the Peoples Choice, and for the Nations Good.
 But let us leave what is to come, to Fate;
 Yours Father's pleasure and God's will await.
 Long may it be ere the King's life doth end;
 On it our Peace and Happiness depend.
 Like Wheat full ripe, with many years bow'd down,
 Let him leave this for an immortal Crown.
 And who can tell Heaven's will? it may be too;
Eliakim may die before the King or you.
 Think of no Titles while your Father lives;
 Take not what an unjust Occasion gives.
 For to take Arms you can have no pretence,
 Tho it should be e'en in your own defence.
 It better were without the Crown to die,
 Than quit your Vertue and blest Loyaltie.
 You with the numerous Peoples Love are blest,
 Not of the Vulgars onely, but the Best.
 I would not have you their kind Love repel;
 Nor give encouragement for to rebel:
 For their Affection which they wildly shew,
 Is rendred, by your Foes, a Crime in you.
 Here you your Course must even steer and strait;
 That you may not your Father's fears create.
 Keep the *Jews* Love, and not increase his Hate.
 Leave for a while the Citie and the Court,
 Go and divert your self with Country-sport;
 Perhaps your Foes may then abate their spite;
 And you may be forgot, when out of sight.
 By your Retirement, you will let them see
 You'd take away all cause of Jealousie.
 That you, like *Absalom*, will never prove,
 To court the head-strong Peoples factions love.

Nor will I ever prove *Achitophel*,
 To give you wicked Counsel to rebel.
 Continue still your Loyalty, be just;
 And for the Crown, God and your Vertue trust.
 Endeavour not to take what may be giv'n;
 Deserve it first, and then receive't from Heav'n.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,
 Suited with *Azaria's* Vertue best.
 He was not stain'd with Cruelty or Pride;
 A thousand Graces he possess'd beside.
 To Vertue he was naturally inclin'd,
 And Goodness clothed his heroick Mind.
 His Kingly Vertues made him fit to reign,
 Yet scorn'd by evil Arts the Crown to gain.
 And tho' he Empire to desire did seem,
 His Loyalty was still more dear to him:
 Therefore he did not court the Peoples Love,
 Nor us'd their Pow'r his Rival to remove.
 From's Father he sought not their Hearts to steal,
 Nor head a Faction mov'd by blinding Zeal;
 But like a vertuous and a pious Son,
 Sought all occasions of Offence to shun:
 In private like a common man sat down,
 His Peace his Rule, his Loyalty his Crown.

Thus humble, vertuous, loyal, void of Pride,
 Most of the *Jews* he gained to his side.
 Not factious Sects, the Rabble, or the rude
 Erring, unthinking, vulgar Multitude:
 But the chief Tribes and Princes of the Land,
 Who durst for *Moses's* ancient Statutes stand.
 The pious, just, religious, and the good,
 Men of great Riches, and of greater Bloud,
 Did, as one man, themselves together joyn
 To stop the *Baalites*, and Hell's curst design.
 Not wicked, or seduc'd by impious Arts,
 But Loyal all, and Patriots in their Hearts,
 For they beheld the *Baalites* foul intent,
 Religion to o'rethrow and Government.

These at the Monarch's Power did not grutch,
 Since bound by Laws, he could not have too much.
 What Laws prescribe, they thought he well might have,
 How could he else his Realm in danger save?
 But *Baal's* or *Egypt's* Yoke they would refuse,
 Not fitting for the Necks of free-born *Jews*.
 They all resolve the King not to oppose,
 Yet to defend the Nation from its Foes.
 And were it not for those great Worthy men,
 The *Jews* distress'd and wretched soon had been.
 Among the Rout perhaps there some might blend,
 Whose int'rest made them Publick Good pretend;
 Weary of Peace, new Troubles would create,
 And for their private Gain, embroyl the State.
 And some perhaps there were, who thought a King
 To be of Charge, and but an useless thing.
 Some idle Fops, who publicly debate
 To shew their Parts, the deep Intrigues of State;
 These and some others, for a Commonwealth,
 Among the Herd, unseen, might hide by stealth:
 But it would strange to common Justice seem,
 For some few bad, the sound Flock to condemn.
 Like Goats among the Sheep, well known these bleat,
 And are like *Darnel* 'mong the purest Wheat.
 These not as Friends, but Enemies to the Throne,
 Good Patriots and good Subjects did disown.
 And *Azaria*, tho' tely us'd his name,
 Disdain'd their Friendship with a loyal shame.

But he beheld appearing on his side,
 Princes, whose Faith and Loyalty were try'd;
 Such as no base or sordid ends could move,
 Who did his Father and their Country love.
 In the first rank of these did *Nabon* stand,
 None nobler or more loyal in the Land.
 Under the King he once did *Edom* sway,
 And taught that Land the *Jews* good Laws to obey.
 True to his Word, and of unspotted Fame;
 Great both in Parts, in Vertue, and in Name.

His Faith ne'r touch'd, his Loyalty well known,
 A Friend both to his Country and the Throne,
 Base ends his great and noble Soul did scorn,
 Of loyal, high, and noble Parents born,
 His Father with renown and great Applause,
 For *Joash* di'd, and suffer'd for his Cause,
 Of great *Aminadab* who would not sing,
 Whose glory shin'd next to the martyr'd King,
 From him his Son true Loyalty understood,
 Imprest on's Soul, seal'd with his Father's Blood.
 The grave, religious, wise, rich *Helon* too,
 Much honoured by every zealous Jew,
 Appear'd a Patriot, to his Country true,
 In the *Jews* Laws, and strict Religion bred,
 And *Baal's* curst Rites did much abhor and dread.
 His Son *Eliab*, in the *Sanhedrim*,
 With courage had oppos'd *Eliakim* :
 A man whose many Vertues, and his Parts,
 Had won upon the sober Peoples Hearts,
 From every Faction, and from Envy free ;
 Lov'd well the King, but hated Flatterie ;
 Kept *Moses's* Laws, yet was no *Pharisee*.
 He went not to their *Synagogues* to pray,
 But to the Holy Temple every day.
 With piercing Judgment saw the Lands Disease,
 And labour'd onely for the Kingdoms Peace :
 Loyal and honest was esteem'd by all,
 Excepting those who strove to set up *Baal*,
 For an ill Action he ne'r stood reprov'd ;
 But's King, his Country, and Religion lov'd.
 No Taint ere fell upon *Eliab's* name,
 Nor Hell it self found cause to spot his Fame.
Pagiel with honour loaded, and with years,
 Among this Loyal Princely Train appears.
 None *Pagiel* tax'd, for no one ever knew
 That he to *Amaziah* was untrue.
 A Fame unspotted he might truly boast ;
 Yet he had Foes, and his gain'd Favours lost.
Zuar, a sober and a vertuous Prince,
 Who never gave least cause of an offence.

Elisbama, at once both sage and young,
 From noble and from loyal Fathers sprung;
 Shone bright among this sober Princely throng;
Enan, a Prince of very worthy Fame;
 Great in deserved Title, Blood, and Name.
Elizur too, who number'd with the best
 In Vertue, scorn'd to lag behind the rest.
Abidon and *Gamaliel* had some sway;
 Both loyal, and both zealous in their way.
 And now once more I will invoke my Muse,
 To sing brave *Asbur's* praise who can refuse?
 Sprung from an ancient and a noble Race,
 With Courage stamp'd upon his manly face;
 Young, active, loyal, had through Dangers run,
 And with his Sword abroad had Honours won:
 Well-spoken, bold, free, generous, and kind,
 And of a noble and discerning mind.
 Great ones he scorn'd to court, nor fools would please,
 But thought it better for to trust the Seas.
 He thought himself far safer in a Storm,
 And should receive from raging Seas less harm,
 Than from those dangerous men, who could create
 A Storm at Land, with Envy and with Hate.
 And now got free from all their Trains and Wiles,
 He at their hateful Plots and Malice smiles,
 Plowing the Ocean for new Honour toils.
 These were the chief; a good and faithful Band
 Of Princes, who against those men durst stand
 Whose Counsel fought to ruine all the Land.
 With grief they saw the cursed *Baalites* bent
 To batter down the Jewish Government;
 To pull their Rights and true Religion down,
 By setting up a *Baalite* on the Throne.
 These wisely did with the *Sanhedrim* joyn;
 Which Council by the Jews was thought divine.
 The next Successour would remove, 'tis true,
 Onely because he was a *Baalite* Jew.
 Ills they foresaw, and the great danger found,
 Which to the King (as by their Dutie bound)
 They shew'd, and open laid the bleeding Wound.

But such who had possess'd his Royal Ear,
 Had made the King his Loyal Subjects fear;
 Did their good Prince with careful thought fright,
 As if these meant to rob him of his Right.
 Said, They with other Rebels did combine,
 And had against his Crown some ill design:
 That the wise *Husbai* laid a wicked Train,
 And *Azaria* sought in'st'ead to reign:
 That the old Plot to ruine Church and State,
 Was born from *Husbai's* and the *Levite's* Pate:
 That *Pharisees* were bold and numerous grown,
 And sought to place their Elders in his Throne.
 No wonder then if *Amazias* thought
 These Loyal Worthies did not as they ought;
 That they did Duty and Obedience want,
 And no Concessions from the Throne would grant.

They who in *Amazias's* favour grew,
 Themselves obnoxious to the People knew.
 Some were accused by the *Sanhedrim*,
 Most Friends and Allies to *Eliakim*:
 For his Succession eagerly they strove,
 And him, the rising Sun, adore and love.
 When *Doeg*, who with *Egypt* did combine,
 And to enslave *Judea* did design,
 Accus'd of Treason by the *Sanhedrim*,
 Kept in the Tower of *Jerusalem*:
 The Object prov'd of fickle Fortunes sport,
 And lost the Honours he possess'd at Court.
Elam in favour grew, out-strip'd by none,
 And seem'd a Prop to *Amazias's* Throne.
 He had in foreign parts been sent to School,
 And did in *Doeg's* place the Kings thin Treasure rule.
 He to *Eliakim* was neer alli'd;
 What greater parts could he possess beside?
 For the wise *Jews* believ'd the King did run
 Some hazard, if he prov'd his Father's Son.
 But now, alas! th' Exchequer was grown poor,
 The Coffers empty, which did once run o're.

The bounteous King had been so very kind,
 That little Treasure he had left behind.
Elam had gotten with the empty Purse,
 For his dead Father's sake the Peoples Curse :
 For they believ'd that no great good could spring
 From one false to his Country and his King.
Jotham the fickle Shuttle-cock of Wit,
 Was bandied several ways to be made fit :
 Unconstant, he always for Honour tri'd,
 At last laid hold upon the rising side.
 If Wit he had, 'twas thought, by not a few,
 He a better thing did want, and Wisdom too.
 Then *Aniel* would scarce give place to him,
 Who once the chief was of the *Sanhedrim*.
 He then appeared for the Crowns defence ;
 But spoke his own, and not the Nations sense.
 And tho he praised was by *Shimei's* Muse,
 The *Jews* of many Crimes did him accuse.
Harim, a man like a bow'd Ninepence bent,
 Had tried all the ways of Government :
 Was once a Rebel, and knew how to cant ;
 Then turn'd a very Devil of a Saint :
 Peevish, morose, and some say, prov'd a fool,
 When o're the *Edomites* he went to rule.
 When to his bent the King he could not bring,
 He fairly then went over to the King.
 Old *Amalack*, a man of cunning head,
 Once in the curst School of Rebels bred ;
 From thence his Maximes and his Knowledge drew,
 Of old known Arts how to enslave the *Jew*.
 For pardon'd Treason, thus sought to atone,
 Had wrong'd the Father, would misguide the Son.
 Once in Religion a strict *Pharisee*,
 To *Baal's* then turn'd, or else of none was he.
 He long before seem'd to approve their Rites,
 Marrying his Issue to the *Baalites*.
 A constant hunter after sordid Pelf ;
 Was never just to any but himself :
 A very *Proteus* in all shapes had been,
 And constant onely, and grown old in sin.

To speak the best of *Amurack* we can,
 A cunning Devil in the shape of Man,
Muppim, a man of an huge Working Pate,
 Not how to heal, but to embroil the State,
 Knew how to take the wrong, and leave the rights,
 Was once himself a Rebel *Benjaminite*.
 To that stiff Tribe he did a while give Law,
 And with his iron Yokes kept them in awe,
 The Tyrant *Zabed* less did them provoke,
 And laid upon their necks a gentler Yoke.
 Amongst that Tribe he left an hated Name,
 And to *Jerusalem* from thence he came,
 Where he tyrannick Arts sought to invade,
 To learn which, *Amaziah* was too good,
 And better the *Jews* temper understood.
 Refus'd, the Serpent did with Woman joyn,
 And Counsels gave th' *Egyptian* Concubine.
Adam, first Monarch, fell between these two,
 What can't the Serpent and a Woman do?
 These with some more of the like size and sort,
 In *Sion* made up *Amaziah's* Court.
 Whilst his best friends became these Rulers scorn,
 Saw how they drove, and did in silence mourn.
Sion did then no Sacrifice afford,
Gibbar had taught the frugal King to board.
 Void were its Cellars, Kitchens never hot,
 And all the Feasts of *Solomon* forgot.
 Others there were, whose Names I shan't repeat,
Eliakim had friends both small and great.
 And many, who then for his Favour strove,
 With their hot heads, like furious *Jehu*, drove.
 Some Wits, some Witless, Warriors, Rich and Poor,
 Some who rich Clothes and empty Titles wore,
 Some who knew how to rail, some to accuse,
 And some who haunted Taverns and the Stews.
 Some roaring Bullies, who ran th' row the Town
 Crying, God damn 'um, they'd support the Crown!
 Whose wicked Oaths, and whose blasphemous Rant,
 Had quite put down the holy zealous Cant.

Some were for War, and some on Mischief bent,
 And some who could, for gain, new Plots invent;
 Some Priests and Levites too among the rest,
 Such as knew how to blow the Trumpet best:
 Who with loud noise and cackling, cri'd like Geese,
 For Rites, for Temple, and for dearer Fleeces,
 'Twixt God and Baal, these Priests divided were;
 Which did prevail, these greatly did not care;
 But headlong drove, without or wit or fear,
 The Pharasees they curse, as Sons of Cham,
 And all dissenting Jews to Hell they damn.
Shimei the Poet Laureate of that Age,
 The falling Glory of the Jewish Stage,
 Who scourg'd the Priest, and ridicul'd the Plot,
 Like common men must not be quite forgot.
 Sweet was the Muse that did his wit inspire,
 Had he not let his hackney Muse to hire:
 But variously his knowing Muse could sing,
 Could *Doeg* praise, and could blaspheme the King:
 The bad make good, good bad, and bad make worse,
 Bless in Heroicks, and in Satyrs curse.
Shimei to *Zabed's* praise could tune his Muse,
 And Princely *Azaria* could abuse.
Zimri we know he had no cause to praise,
 Because he du'd him with the name of *Bayn*:
 Revenge on him did bitter Venome shed,
 Because he tore the Laurel from his head;
 Because he durst with his proud Wit engage,
 And brought his Follies on the publick Stage.
 Tell me, *Apollo*, for I can't divine,
 Why Wives he curs'd, and prais'd the Concubine;
 Unless it were that he had led his life
 With a teeming Matron ere she was a Wife:
 Or that it best with his dear Muse did sute,
 Who was for hire a very Prostitute.
 The rising Sun this Poets God did seem,
 Which made him tune his old Harp to praise *Eliakim*,
Bibbai, whose name won't in Oblivion rot,
 For his great pains to hide the *Babylon* Plot,

Must be remembred here : A Scribe was he,
 Who daily damn'd in Prose the *Pharisee*.
 With the Sectarian *Jews* he kept great stir ;
 Did almost all, but his dear self, abhor.
 What his Religion was, no one could tell ;
 And it was thought he knew himself not well :
 Yet Conscience did pretend, and did abuse,
 Under the notion of Sectarian *Jews*,
 All that he thought, or all that did but seem
 Foes to *Baal's* Rites, *Eliakim*, and him.
 He was a man of a pernicious Wit
 For railing, biting, and for mischief fit :
 He never slept, yet ever in a Dream ;
 Religion, Law, and State, was all his Theam.
 On these he wrote in Earnest and in Jest,
 Till he grew mad, and turn'd into a Beast,
 Zattu his Zanie was, Buffoon, and Fool,
 Who turn'd Religion into Ridicule :
 Jeer'd at the Plot, did *Sanbedrims* abuse,
 Mock'd Magistrates, damn'd all Sects of the *Jews*.
 Of little Manners, and of lesser Brains ;
 Yet to embroil the State, took wondrous pains.
 In jesting still his little Talent lay ;
 At *Hushai* scott in's witless grinning way.

These with the rest, of every size and sort,
 Strove to be thought Friends to the King and Court,
 With lyes and railing, would the Crown support. }
 Then in a Pageant shew a Plot was made,
 And Law it self made War in Masquerade.
 But fools they were, not warn'd by former ill,
 By their own selves were circumvented still.
 They thought by Bloud to give the Kingdom ease ;
 Physick'd the *Jews* when they had no Disease.
 Contingent mischiefs these did not foresee,
 Against their Conscience fought, and God's Decree.
 What shall we think, when such, pretending good,
 Would build the Nations Peace on Innocent Blood ?
 These would expose the People to the Sword
 Of each unbounded Arbitrary Lord.

But their good Laws, by which they Right enjoy,
 The King nor could, nor ever would destroy.
 And tho he Judge be of what's fit and just,
 He own'd from Heaven, and from Man a Trust.
 Tho Laws to Kingly Power be a Band,
 They are not Slaves to those whom they command.
 The Power that God at first to *Adam* gave,
 Was different far from what all Kings now have :
 He had no Law but Will ; but all Kings now
 Are bound by Laws, as all Examples shew.
 By Laws Kings first were made, and with intent
 Men to defend, by Heav'n's and Man's consent.
 God to the Crown the Regal Power did bring,
 And by Consent at first, Men chose their King.
 If Kings usurp'd a Power, by force did sway,
 The People by no Law were bound t'obey.
 This does not in the People place a Right
 To dissolve Sovereign sway by force or might..
 To Kings, by long succession, there is giv'n
 A native Right unto the Throne, by Heav'n :
 Who may not be run down by common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
 But if that Kings the ties of Laws do break,
 The People, without fault, have leave to speak ;
 To shew their Grievances, and seek redress
 By lawful means, when Kings and Lords oppress.
 Tho they can't give and take, whene'er they please,
 And Kings allow'd to be God's Images.
 The Government you Tyranny must call,
 Where Subjects have no Right, and Kings have all..
 But if reciprocal a Right there be,
 Derived down unto Posteritie,
 That side's in fault, who th'other doth invade,
 By which soe'r at first the breach is made :
 For Innovation is a dangerous thing,
 Whether it comes from People or from King.
 To change Foundations which long Ages stood,
 Which have prov'd firm, unshaken, sound, and good,
 To pull all down, and cast the Frame anew,
 Is work for Rebels, and for Tyrants too.

Now what relief could *Amazias* bring,
 Fatal indeed to be too good a King?
 Friends he had many, but them did not know,
 Or else made to believe they were not so:
 For all that did ill Ministers oppose,
 Were represented to him as his Foes.
 Yet there were many thousands in those days,
 Who *Amazias* did both love and praise;
 Who for him daily pray'd, and wish'd his good,
 And for him would have spent both Coin and Blood.
 Yet these, tho' the more numerous, and the best,
 Were call'd but murmuring Traytors by the rest:
 By such who strain'd till they had crack'd the string
 Of Government; lov'd Pow'r, and not the King.
 These daily hightned *Amazias's* fears,
 And thus they whisper'd to his Royal Ears:

Sir, it is time you now take up the Sword,
 And let your Subjects know you are their Lord.
 Goodness by Rebels won't be understood;
 And you are much too wonderful and good.
 The *Jews*, a moody, murmuring, stubborn Race,
 Grow worse by Favours, and rebel with Grace.
 Pamper'd they are, grown rich and fat with ease,
 Whom no good Monarch long could ever please.
 Freedom and Liberty pretend to want;
 That's still the cry, when they're on Mischief bent.
 Freedom is their Disease; and had they less,
 They would not be so ready to transgress.
 Give them but Liberty, let them alone,
 They shall not onely you, but God dethrone.
 Remember, Sir, how your good Father fell;
 It was his goodness made them first rebel.
 And now the very self-same tract they tread,
 To reach your Crown, and then take off your head.
 A senseless Plot they stumbl'd on, or made,
 To make you of th'old *Canaanites* afraid.
 Still when they mean the Nation to enthral,
 With heavie Clamour they cry out on *Baal*.

But these hot Zealots who *Baal's* Idols curse,
 Bow to their own more ugly far and worse,
Baal would but rob some Jewels from your Crown,
 But these would Monarchy itself pull down:
 Both Church and State they'll not reform by Halves,
 Pull down the Temple, and set up their Calves:
 You, and your Priests, they would turn out to Graze,
 Nor would they let you smell a Sacrifice,
 Those pious Offerings which Priests' taste made,
 To Rebels, should, instead of God be paid,
 How to the Prey these factious *Jews* do run!
 From you by art they have debauch'd your Son;
 That little subtle Instrument of Hell,
 Worse than to *David* was *Achisophis*,
 The young Man tutors, sends him through the Land,
 That he the peoples minds may understand;
 That he, with winning Charms, might court the *Jew*,
 And draw your fickle Subjects hearts from you.
 Alas! already they of you complain
 And are grown sick of your too peaceful Reign,
 Their Lusts grown high, they are debauch'd with Grace,
 And like unfrozen Snakes fly in your Face.
 These men who now pretend to give you Law,
 Stood of the Tyrant *Zabed's* power in awe;
 He made them crouch who scorn'd a Prince's sway,
 And forc'd them, like dull slaves, his power obey:
 Of *Israel*, and of *Juda's* Tribe you spring,
 A Lion is the Ensign of a King,
 Rouse up your self, in mildness sleep no more,
 And make them tremble at your princely roar:
 Appear like *Jove* with Thunder in your hand,
 And let the Slaves your power understand;
 Strike but the sinning Princes Down to Hell,
 The rest will worship you, and ne'r rebel.

Thus these rash Men with their bad Counsels strove,
 To turn to hate good *Amazias* Love.
 A Prince to Mercy naturally inclin'd,
 Not apt to fear, nor of a Jealous Mind,
 Thought no Man e'r against his Life design'd,

But these with Art did dangers represent,
 And Plots they fram'd the People never meant,
 Each Mole-hill they a Mountain did create,
 And sought to fright him with his Fathers Fate;
Husbat at last was to a Prison sent,
 As a false Traitor to the Government.
 Loud murmurs then possess'd the troubled *Jews*,
 Who were surpris'd at the fatal News;
 His Wisdom they believed their chief support,
 Against the evil Instruments at Court;
 Nor, by his Actions, did they ever find,
 He bore a Trait'rous, or a factious Mind:
 And now they thought themselves expos'd to all;
 The Arts, and Plots of the hid friends to *Baal*,
 Troubled, and discontented, at the last,
 Their Eyes upon the noble Prince they cast,
 Who fearing lest their discontent and rage,
 Should them, to some rebellious Crime engage,
 Both for his Fathers, and his Countries sake,
 The murmuring People sought more calm to make
 With a sweet Air, and with a graceful look,
 He did command their silence, lest he spoke,
 Then thus he said, and though his words were few,
 They fell like Manna, or the Hony Dew;

My Country men, Let not your discontent
 Draw you to actions you will soon repent;
 What e'er your fears and jealousies may be,
 Let them not break the bands of Loyalty;
 I dare, and you may too, my Father trust,
 For he's so merciful, so good, so just,
 That he of no mans Life will make a Prey,
 Or take it in an Arbitrary way,
 To Heav'n, and to the King submit your cause,
 Who never will infringe your ancient Laws;
 But if he should an evil Action do,
 To run to Arms, is no pretence for you;
 The King is Judge of what is just and fit,
 And if he judge amiss you must submit;
 Tho griev'd you must your constant duty pay,
 And your Redress seek in a lawful way.

Hushai tho he of Treason be accus'd,
 Such loyal precepts in my soul infus'd,
 That I the hazard of my life will run,
 Rather than prove my self a Rebel Son:
 Our Foes, have sought to infect my Father's mind,
 To think, you to Rebellion are inclin'd:
 To stir you to Rebellion is their aim,
 And they are mad, to see you justly tame.
 Upon your Heads, they vain would lay their sin,
 'Tis War they seek, but would have you begin:
 Pretence they want, who for the King do seem,
 To bring in, and set up *Eliakim*.
 I am afraid the *Baalites* curst Plot,
 By many laugh'd at, and by most forgot,
 Is carried on still, in their hidden Mine,
 I fear, but dare not, the event, divine.
 May Heav'n defend my Father's Life, and late,
 Full ripe with Age, in peace, may he yield to Fate.
 I know, my Friends, for Him's your chiefest Care,
 For him, as much as for your selves, you fear,
 Upon his Life our happiness depends,
 With it the peace of all *Judea* ends,
 Be vigilant, your foes Designs prevent,
 Let not loud murmures shew your discontent:
 Your Loyal Duty to your Sovereign pay,
 Your Grievs present him in a Lawful way:
 Be not too anxious for our common Friend,
 God, and his Innocence will him defend:
 Sit down in quiet, murmur not, but pray,
 Submit to Heaven, your King, and Laws obey.
 Youth, Beauty, and the Grace wherewith he spoke,
 The Eyes, Ears, Hearts, of all the people took,
 Their murmurs then to joyful shouts were turn'd,
 And they rejoyc'd, who lately murmuring mourn'd:
 With Loyalty he did their Breasts inflame,
 And they with shouts blest *Azaria's* name.
 The joyful Cry th' row all the City flew,
 God save the King, and *Azaria* too.
 To him the Princes, his best Friends resort,
 Resolv'd as Suppliants, to repair to Court;

In humble wise, to shew the King their Grief,
 And on their bended Knees to seek Relief.
 They approach'd the Throne, to it their homage paid,
 Then to the King, the Loyal *Nashon* said.
 Great Sir, whom all good Subjects truly Love,
 Tho all things that you do they can't approve,
 We, whom the Throne has with high Honours blest,
 Present you here the prayers of the rest:
 Our bended Knees, as low as Earth we bow,
 And humbly prostrate supplicate you now:
 The blessing of your Love to us restore,
 And raise us to your Favour, Sir, once more.
 Where is the Joy, the Peace, and Quiet flown,
 All had, when first you did ascend the Throne;
 Now murmuring discontents assault our Ears,
 And loud Complaints of jealousies, and fears:
 Bad instruments help to blow up this Fire,
 And with ill minds, their own worse Arts admire,
 Whilst, by their means, you think your Friends your Foes,
 For your best friends, your Enemies suppose;
 Suspect your Loyal Subjects, and believe
 The *Sanhedrim* would you of Rights bereive.
 Your people, who do love your gentle Sway,
 And willingly their God, and you obey,
 Who for Religion ever zealous were,
 For that, for you, and for themselves do fear:
 Clear as the Sun, by sad effects they find,
 A *Baalite* to succeed you is design'd:
 Sir, they would not dispute with you, his right,
 But they can n're indure a *Baalite*.
 Tho whilst you live, they are secure and blest,
 Yet are they with a thousand fears oppress'd,
 Think your Life still in danger of the Plot,
 Which now is laugh'd at, and almost forgot.
 They see the *Baalites* Hellish Plot run down,
 And on the *Pharisees* a false one thrown;
 Your zealous faithful *Jews* all Rebels made,
 Their ruine hatch'd, you, and themselves betray'd.
 Oh! Sir, before things to extreams do run,
 Remember, at the least, you have a Son,

Let the *Sanhedrim* with your wisdom joyn,
 To keep unbroken still the Royal line;
 And to secure our fears, that after you,
 None shall succeed but a believing Jew.
 Sir, this is all your Loyal Subjects Crave,
 On you, as on a God, they cry to save.
 Kings are like Gods on Earth, when they redress,
 Their peoples Grievs, and save them in distress.
 With loads of careful thoughts, the King oppress,
 And long revolving in his Royal Breast,
 Th' event of Things----at last he silence broke,
 And, with an awful Majesty, he spoke.
 I've long in Peace *Judeas* Scepter swaid,
 None can Complain, I Justice have delay'd:
 My Clemency, and Mercy has been shown;
 Blood, and Revenge did ne'r pollute my Throne;
 I and my People happy, kindly strove,
 Which should exceed, my Mercy or their Love:
 Who, till of late, more ready were to give
 Supplies to me, than I was to receive.
 Oh! happy Days, and oh! unhappy change;
 That makes my *Sanhedrims*, and my people strange,
 And now, when I am in the Throne grown old,
 With grief I see my Subjects Love prove cold.
 They fear not my known Mercy to offend,
 And with my awful Justice dare contend;
 But yet their Crimes my mercy shan't assuage,
 I'm ready to forgive th' offending Age,
 And though they should my Kingly power slight,
 I'll still keep for them my forgiving right.
 I feel a tenderness within me spring,
 I am my Peoples Father, and their King,
 And tho I think, they may have done me wrong,
 I can't remember their offences long.
 Nature is mov'd, and sues for a Reprieve,
 They are my Children, and I must forgive.
 My many jealous fears I shan't repeat,
 My Heart with a strong pulse of Love doth beat;
 Nature I feel has made a sudden start,
 And a fresh source springs from the Father's heart.

A stubborn Bow, drawn by the force of men,
 The force remov'd, flies swiftry back agen.
 'Tis hard a Fathers nature to o'ercome,
 How easily does the her force assume!
 Sh'has o'er my Soul an easie Conquest won,
 And I remember now I have a Son,
 Whose Youth had long been my paternal Care,
 Rais'd to the height his noble frame could bear,
 And Heav'n has seem'd to give his Soula turn,
 As if ordain'd by Fate for Empire born.
 By our known Laws I have the Scepter sway'd,
 By them I govern'd, them my Rule I made.
 To them I sought to frame my sovereign Will,
 By them my Subjects I will govern still:
 They, not the People, shall proclaim my Heir,
 Yet I will hearken to my Subjects Prayer,
 And of a *Baalite* will remove their fear. }
 From hence I'll banish every Priest of *Baal*,
 And the wise *Sanhedrim* together call:
 That Body with the Kingly Head shall join,
 Their Counsel and their Wisdom mix with mine,
 All former strife betwixt us be forgot,
 And in Oblivion buried every Plot.
 We'll try to live in Love and Peace again,
 As when I first began my happy Reign.
 Before our Trai'rous Foes with seeret toil
 Did fair *Judea's* blessed Peace embroil.
 May all my latter days excel my first,
 And he who then disturbs our Peace be curst.

He said: Th' Almighty heard, and from on high
 Spoke his Consent, in Thunder through the Skie:
 The Augurie was noted by the Croud,
 Who joyfut shouts return'd almost as loud:
 Then *Amazias* was once more restor'd,
 He lov'd his People, they obey'd their Lord.

